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OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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Book and Job Printing
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

THIS STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Newspaper.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE DAY BEFORE THE BATTLE
OF MONMOUTH.

BY "BESSIE."

"Truth arrayed in fiction's fascinating garb."

It was one of the dark times of our national struggles, and sadness was in the hearts and a cloud upon the brow of those who loved their country's cause. The long, sad winter passed at Valley Forge was over, but no brilliant successes had marked the opening of the Spring to obliterate the remembrance of the privations endured and to renew the hopes awakened by the surrender of Burgoyne. The American army, numbering less than half that of the British, was almost in a state of inactivity; no new recruits were flocking to the standard of Washington, and, although Congress had resolved to raise fresh troops to the number of forty thousand, no steps had been taken to carry the resolution into effect. Such was the aspect of affairs in the early part of the summer of 1778.

On a bright, sunny day in the month of June, there sat, in a neat farm house not far from the village of Crosswicks, (N. J.), a matron, still in the prime of life, with two little girls beside her. It was a sweet, romantic spot, upon the borders of a tiny stream which flows into the creeks from which the village is named, shaded by trees, now in the full beauty of their summer foliage, while all around the house was marked by that scrupulous neatness which distinguishes the followers of Fox and Penn. Yet, though the fashion of the lady's dress, and her somewhat precise air and manner, showed her to be one of that peace-loving and war-condemning people, there was a sparkle in her eye when she raised it that seemed to tell the spirit of '76—a spirit shared, indeed, by very many members of the respectable body of Quakers, and exhibited openly by not a few who lent the strength of their arms to the good cause, even at the risk of "dissolving Friends." This was especially the case with the family, a small portion of which we have introduced to you—the husband of the matron, with four sons, of ages ranging from 18 to 25, having joined the army under Washington at an early period of the struggle, leaving his farm and homestead under the charge of his young wife, the step-mother of his boys. And well and courageously did she perform the arduous duties devolving upon her—remaining alone with her little girls, her only children, unprotected, except by the presence of an old and faithful domestic, who, with her aid and direction, attended to the various departments of the farm work. At intervals their solitude was cheered by a visit from her husband or one of the boys, when they could leave the camp for a day or two, to assure themselves of the safety of the loved ones at home. But now a longer time than usually passed without a visit had elapsed, and the naturally placid brow of the lady wore a look of anxiety very different from the calm, cheerful expression which, for her children's sake, she forced herself to assume, even when her heart was sad. In addition to the uneasiness she felt in regard to her husband, she had other causes of alarm, having heard it rumored within the last few days that the British army, under General Howe, had evacuated Philadelphia, and were marching through New Jersey, on their road to New York, and remembering well the outrages committed by them and their German allies, when following Washington, during the calamitous retreat through that State, not two years before, no wonder that she trembled for herself and her children. Into so deep a reverie had she fallen that her knitting had dropped unobserved from her usually busy fingers, and she started when addressed by her little daughter as though just awaking from a heavy sleep.

"Mother," said the little girl, a pretty, dark-haired child, of seven years, "isn't it a long time since father was at home?"

"Yes, my dear," replied her mother, sighing at the question which accorded so well with her own thoughts at the moment, but not wishing to alarm the child, she added, "thou knowest he cannot always leave the camp when he would like to."

"He never staid away so long before," said the child, thoughtfully; "I wish he would come home to-day."

"Has there any particular reason for wishing him to come home to-day, Annie?" asked her mother.

"Why, mother, they say the red-coats are coming this way again, and I think if father knew it, he would come home and take care of us."

"Our Father in Heaven will take care of us, my child," replied the mother, though a deeper shade of sorrow crossed her countenance, for she had hoped that her children knew nothing either of the reports or her anxiety. After an instant's pause, she added, more cheerfully, "who told thee the red-coats were coming here, Annie?"

"I heard neighbor Lloyd tell thee so mother," said the young man, proudly. "No, no—that is no part of my profession. Besides," continued he, more gently, "I came, as I have said, to take care of thee and the children while those ruffians pass. But I did not think to find them so near."

"But thy dress, Samuel—thy dress; they will not suffer an American soldier to escape them."

"They must not see my uniform. I will change it at once, and then—"

Even while he spoke a blast of martial music, borne faintly on the breeze, announced the approach of the foe.

"Ha! I have no time to lose," exclaimed the youth, and, throwing off his uniform, he arrayed himself hastily in the homespun garments which his mother brought. "I left my arms and ammunition, except these pistols, with the other boys," he said, as he rapidly transformed himself in outward appearance from the soldier to the Quaker farmer. "And well I did, for it would be impossible to conceal them now, if I had them with me. I had hoped to reach here, early this morning, but was delayed, and now these plaguy Hessians coming so close upon my heels have spoiled every thing. What in the world will I do with my uniform, mother?" he continued; "these miscreants will ransack the house no doubt, and should they find it, will make it an excuse for all kinds of mischief."

"Can't we hide it in the barn or in the garden?" asked the eldest of the little girls.

"We might, Annie," replied her brother, "had we any thing but Hessians to deal with; but I would not risk it, for the rascals can scent mischief farther than a dog can scent a hare, and they would be sure to root it out."

"Burn it up then," said Elsie, suddenly; "there is a good blazing fire on the kitchen hearth, and they can't find it among the ashes, I guess."

"We have scarcely time, I fear," said the young man, musingly, "and yet we must risk something, and I see no better plan; so come, girls, help me cut up the poor old coat that has done me such good service. Mother lend us thy scissors and thy aid, for that music approaches rapidly, and what we do must be accomplished quickly."

With trembling hands they tore the poor uniform apart and cast it upon the fire, scarcely daring to hope that it would be consumed before the ruthless soldiery would be upon them, and then, while the children heaped the hearth with chips, shavings, and every combustible matter they could find, the young man knelt down and plied the bellows vigorously, at the same time continuing the conversation with his mother.

"Be brave, mother," he said—"be thyself; why, I have not seen thee smile since I came in. There, that looks more like thee. Now, cheer up—don't let them think thee is afraid of them; nor you either girls," he continued, addressing his sisters; "show them that you are Yankee girls and are not to be scared by either British or Hessians, not even by Lord Howe himself!"

"Lord Howe indeed!" replied Elsie, tossing her flaxen curls in high disdain—"I'd like to put him in the creek!"

"Well, perhaps we'll get him there yet," said her brother laughing involuntarily at the air and manner of the child, while her mother remarked: "That seems to be a favorite plan of thine, Elsie; it is not long since thee talked of chasing the whole British army into the creek."

"So I would, mother, if I only had the chance; and if Samuel will help me, I'll—"

"Never mind, Elsie," interrupted her brother, "there had better not undertake such an achievement to-day. 'Tis more than very civil; 'twill do no good to make them angry. Give them all they ask for; they will take it if you do not. Say as little to them as possible, and take care not to get out of my sight."

"They are close at hand," exclaimed the mother, "and that coat is not consumed!"

"But it is burning fast, mother—it will soon be gone. Take the children into the other room and be ready to receive them when they come. Where is Enoch?"

For the first time, missing the old man, they looked round, but he was gone. He had seized the moment when he saw them all occupied with each other to escape from the affectionate remonances with which he knew that he would meet, and had hurried silently away. Crossing the fields with rapid strides, he reached the village green, but no company had gathered there, and in the distance he saw the bayonets glancing and the red-coats gleaming in the summer sun-light.

"The old man shook his head sadly as he gazed."

"Friend Warner was right," he said; "I would be of little use to oppose them here. I will even return and watch over the children until the foe shall have passed, and when the youth, Samuel, shall go forth into the camp I will accompany him, and bear testimony against the oppressors, even unto death."

Sorrowfully, yet quickly, he retraced his steps, and in a few moments re-entered the cottage by one door, as Samuel springing gaily into the room at the other, announced the entire destruction of his uniform.

"There is not a thread of it left, mother," he said; "it is really astonishing to see how entirely and quickly it has been consumed. That was a good suggestion of thine, Elsie."

"The Lord be praised!" said the matron, fervently, "one great danger is removed. And see, Enoch, too, has returned."

"Did thee see the Hessians, Enoch?" asked the children.

"Yes, at a distance; they have not reached the village yet, but there is no one to oppose their way. The men, when gathered in council, have thought like thee, friend Warner, that it would

be useless to attack them now, and have all dispersed."

"I rejoice at it, Enoch; but, Samuel, how long are these fearful times to continue? What is Washington—what are the army doing to free our land from these invaders?"

"We have been able to do but little this year, mother; but whoever lives to see to-morrow night will bear of a blow struck by our General which will lay some of our proud enemies in the dust. Our army," he continued, lowering his tone, and glancing cautiously around to assure himself that none were in hearing but themselves—"our army is even now on the march to overtake the British. I left it a few miles above, and hurried down here with the double purpose of being with you while they pass, and obtaining some more direct information in regard to the route they will take and the order they observe. You must not be surprised, therefore, if you should see me making friends with these fellows, if they quarter themselves here. I must try to gain all the knowledge I can, and then, before the dawn of day, while they are sleeping, I will be off to convey to Washington an account of their movements, and I am much mistaken if we do not give them a salute they little expect. Yes," he continued, glowing with the idea of victory, "they think him still benumbed at Valley Forge, or perhaps just creeping into the comfortable quarters in Philadelphia, which it has pleased them to vacate; but we will teach them another lesson before to-morrow's sun goes down. Who knows but Lord Howe himself may be our prisoner, as Burgoyne has been before him! Nay, do not look pale again, mother," for the color forsook her cheek as she listened to his proud and hopeful words, and she shuddered at the thought which forced itself upon her, that before the setting of to-morrow's sun he might himself be a captive or a corpse; "thou must not think of fear. I feel a presentiment of victory, certain and glorious."

"God grant that thy hopes may be realized, my son; but, see, are not those the bayonets glancing among the corn?"

"Even so," replied Enoch; they are treading down the corn and destroying the patient labor of many months. I would each blade was a sword to smite them."

"Restrain thyself, Enoch," said Mrs. Warner, calmly; "the expression of thy indignation can avail nothing now but to bring down vengeance on thy head. But they draw near, and they must not find us, as it were, in council. Enoch and Samuel, they were better for you to go out and appear as though occupied, as usual. Fear not, my children," she continued, as they hung round her in alarm, "they will not harm us. Come, we will go to the door and see them pass. Stand here, Elsie," and she lifted the little girl and placed her on one of the broad seats of the old porch, "and thee, Annie, close beside thy sister. Now be quiet, and do not fear. I will be near you, and your brother and Enoch are not far distant!"

As she spoke, the foremost ranks of the foe were within a stone's cast of the gate, and the matron, restored to her natural courage by the necessity of meeting the danger, took her place just within the open door, with as calm and lofty a bearing as though she had never known fear.

At the same moment, Enoch and Samuel approached the front of the house, from different parts of the garden, the one with a hoe upon his shoulder and the other spade in hand, and sleeves rolled up, as though but just disturbed from the labors of the farm. All were striving to banish any thing like the appearance of oppression from their countenances, which "country folks" might be supposed to feel at this invasion of their quiet domain.

As the British reached the gate, there was a pause; the word was given to halt, and after a moment's survey of the scene, and a short consultation between themselves, one of the officers riding at the head of the division called, in no very courteous tones, to Samuel, who stood nearest him, ordering him to open the gate. The young man's spirit rose, but, deeming it unwise to excite their anger by refusing, he advanced and complied civilly with the demand. Giving orders that the soldiers should await their return, the officers rode through the open gate, along the lane, and across the green and beautiful field adjoining the house. It was a lovely spot, sloping gently towards the little brook which flows silently on towards the creek in which, not far beyond, it is merged; and as the rays of the now descending sun fell calmly upon it, brightening its soft verdure with a stream of golden light, and here and there casting afar the shadow of some noble oak or walnut tree, which dotted and adorned its far expanse, it might be doubted whether the haughty Britons had ever gazed upon a fairer scene.

Their survey seemed satisfactory; for, after riding half across the grassy sward, they despatched a messenger, apparently to the village, and were after a time joined by another, and evidently superior officer, in whom Samuel, (who, after opening the gate, had returned to the house, and was leaning over the porch in which his little sisters were seated,) at once recognized Lord Howe.

After the lapse of a few moments spent in examining the situation, during which they were honored by the whispered expression of Elsie's earnest wish that they might all fall into the creek, (this appearing to be the extent of her animosity,) they rode up to the house and announced that they should encamp for the night on the adjoining hill, at the same time ordering that any assistance which could be given by the inmates of the farm house should be rendered without fail; then, without awaiting an answer, they rejoined their troops, which soon commenced defiling through the lane leading to the house, and in a short time the green hill was covered with them, while the adjacent woods, and quiet fields resounded with the noise of pitching tents, and the voices and

paths of the soldiery. The array was an imposing one, and even Mrs. Warner stepped from the door into the porch, and leaned her arm upon the back of the bench on which her children stood, looked out upon the splendid uniforms and glittering weapons with curiosity, not unmixed with admiration, until startled by a whisper from Samuel. "Thee had better go into the house, mother; thee will be safer there." She, for the first time, noticed the attention she was exciting, (for she was still beautiful,) and meeting the bold stare of an English officer, she hastily retreated out of view. The little girls still stood watching the glittering train as it swept on in an apparently interminable line, and making occasionally a childish remark on some object that particularly struck their fancy, while their brother leaning beside them, watched each troop and every movement keenly, or as some vision of to-morrow's triumph dawned upon him, drew himself to his full stature, and with folded arms and flashing eye looked, despite his dress, more like the patriot soldier that he really was, than the quiet country youth whose character he had assumed. But becoming conscious that his attitude and manner were drawing upon him the close scrutiny of the enemy, and recollecting how important it was for the success of his mission, and perhaps for the safety of his mother and sisters, that he should not be discovered, he endeavored to resume his quiet demeanor, and bending over the little girls, commenced pointing out to them the different officers whom he recognized as they passed. "There is General Clinton," he whispered, "and not far behind him rides Colonel Tarleton; that small, richly dressed officer on the black horse, is he," and the next instant that gentleman himself and his companion, a tall, noble looking Scotch officer, reined their steeds in front of the porch, Tarleton remarking—"A pretty, quiet scene."

"Yes, and pretty children," replied the other. "Then loosing from his saddle bows a splendid scarlet cloak," he said, reaching it towards Elsie, who stood nearest the door—"Here, my little lassie, take this into the house and tell your mother to take care of it for Captain Duncan."

"The child stretched her hand for it involuntarily, then suddenly withdrawing it, she asked, in the most independent tone imaginable, 'Is it clean?—for if it is n't, I want nothing to do with it—'

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But she soon had enough to occupy her mind and test her patience and courage; for as the soldiers were relieved from duty, many of them flocked into the farm house, ordering her to prepare refreshment for them, and showing all the want of courtesy for which the British and Hessian troops were celebrated during the whole of the Revolution. As Samuel had predicted, and as the matron's own past experience gave her full reason to believe, no place was secure from them; chambers and cellar were visited, closets ransacked, furniture displaced, and wanton mischief of every kind perpetrated. Amid it all, however, the family felt that they had cause for gratitude in the complete and astonishingly rapid destruction of Samuel's uniform, which it was now more than ever evident could not have been concealed, and would, if discovered, have subjected them to still further rudeness. All that could now be done was to submit as quietly as possible to the indignities from which there was no escape, and for which no redress, and although Samuel felt the spirit move him strongly to inflict summary punishment on the rude soldiers who so unceremoniously ordered his mother and sisters about, he endeavored to restrain himself, knowing that any attempt of the kind would but thwart his whole purpose in being there. The matron herself moved calmly among them, complying civilly with their demands as far as possible, and replying only when unavoidable to their jeers and taunting questions.

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sponse.

"I rejoice at it, Enoch; but, Samuel, how long are these fearful times to continue? What is Washington—what are the army doing to free our land from these invaders?"

"We have been able to do but little this year, mother; but whoever lives to see to-morrow night will bear of a blow struck by our General which will lay some of our proud enemies in the dust. Our army," he continued, lowering his tone, and glancing cautiously around to assure himself that none were in hearing but themselves—"our army is even now on the march to overtake the British. I left it a few miles above, and hurried down here with the double purpose of being with you while they pass, and obtaining some more direct information in regard to the route they will take and the order they observe. You must not be surprised, therefore, if you should see me making friends with these fellows, if they quarter themselves here. I must try to gain all the knowledge I can, and then, before the dawn of day, while they are sleeping, I will be off to convey to Washington an account of their movements, and I am much mistaken if we do not give them a salute they little expect. Yes," he continued, glowing with the idea of victory, "they think him still benumbed at Valley Forge, or perhaps just creeping into the comfortable quarters in Philadelphia, which it has pleased them to vacate; but we will teach them another lesson before to-morrow's sun goes down. Who knows but Lord Howe himself may be our prisoner, as Burgoyne has been before him! Nay, do not look pale again, mother," for the color forsook her cheek as she listened to his proud and hopeful words, and she shuddered at the thought which forced itself upon her, that before the setting of to-morrow's sun he might himself be a captive or a corpse; "thou must not think of fear. I feel a presentiment of victory, certain and glorious."

"God grant that thy hopes may be realized, my son; but, see, are not those the bayonets glancing among the corn?"

"Even so," replied Enoch; they are treading down the corn and destroying the patient labor of many months. I would each blade was a sword to smite them."

"Restrain thyself, Enoch," said Mrs. Warner, calmly; "the expression of thy indignation can avail nothing now but to bring down vengeance on thy head. But they draw near, and they must not find us, as it were, in council. Enoch and Samuel, they were better for you to go out and appear as though occupied, as usual. Fear not, my children," she continued, as they hung round her in alarm, "they will not harm us. Come, we will go to the door and see them pass. Stand here, Elsie," and she lifted the little girl and placed her on one of the broad seats of the old porch, "and thee, Annie, close beside thy sister. Now be quiet, and do not fear. I will be near you, and your brother and Enoch are not far distant!"

As she spoke, the foremost ranks of the foe were within a stone's cast of the gate, and the matron, restored to her natural courage by the necessity of meeting the danger, took her place just within the open door, with as calm and lofty a bearing as though she had never known fear.

At the same moment, Enoch and Samuel approached the front of the house, from different parts of the garden, the one with a hoe upon his shoulder and the other spade in hand, and sleeves rolled up, as though but just disturbed from the labors of the farm. All were striving to banish any thing like the appearance of oppression from their countenances, which "country folks" might be supposed to feel at this invasion of their quiet domain.

As the British reached the gate, there was a pause; the word was given to halt, and after a moment's survey of the scene, and a short consultation between themselves, one of the officers riding at the head of the division called, in no very courteous tones, to Samuel, who stood nearest him, ordering him to open the gate. The young man's spirit rose, but, deeming it unwise to excite their anger by refusing, he advanced and complied civilly with the demand. Giving orders that the soldiers should await their return, the officers rode through the open gate, along the lane, and across the green and beautiful field adjoining the house. It was a lovely spot, sloping gently towards the little brook which flows silently on towards the creek in which, not far beyond, it is merged; and as the rays of the now descending sun fell calmly upon it, brightening its soft verdure with a stream of golden light, and here and there casting afar the shadow of some noble oak or walnut tree, which dotted and adorned its far expanse, it might be doubted whether the haughty Britons had ever gazed upon a fairer scene.

Their survey seemed satisfactory; for, after riding half across the grassy sward, they despatched a messenger, apparently to the village, and were after a time joined by another, and evidently superior officer, in whom Samuel, (who, after opening the gate, had returned to the house, and was leaning over the porch in which his little sisters were seated,) at once recognized Lord Howe.

After the lapse of a few moments spent in examining the situation, during which they were honored by the whispered expression of Elsie's earnest wish that they might all fall into the creek, (this appearing to be the extent of her animosity,) they rode up to the house and announced that they should encamp for the night on the adjoining hill, at the same time ordering that any assistance which could be given by the inmates of the farm house should be rendered without fail; then, without awaiting an answer, they rejoined their troops, which soon commenced defiling through the lane leading to the house, and in a short time the green hill was covered with them, while the adjacent woods, and quiet fields resounded with the noise of pitching tents, and the voices and

paths of the soldiery. The array was an imposing one, and even Mrs. Warner stepped from the door into the porch, and leaned her arm upon the back of the bench on which her children stood, looked out upon the splendid uniforms and glittering weapons with curiosity, not unmixed with admiration, until startled by a whisper from Samuel. "Thee had better go into the house, mother; thee will be safer there." She, for the first time, noticed the attention she was exciting, (for she was still beautiful,) and meeting the bold stare of an English officer, she hastily retreated out of view. The little girls still stood watching the glittering train as it swept on in an apparently interminable line, and making occasionally a childish remark on some object that particularly struck their fancy, while their brother leaning beside them, watched each troop and every movement keenly, or as some vision of to-morrow's triumph dawn

ply, and he added, fiercely, 'Where is he, I ask you? D—n you, can't you answer? I'd lay my soul he's in the rebel camp.'

The matron's cheek flushed with indignation and her eyes flashed as she replied—'My husband and sons are in Washington's army if that is what you term the rebel camp, and if I had as many more, they should all be there too.'

'They should! ha! dare you tell me so?'—confound the rebels! The women are as bad as the men. Now, mistress, if I had my will of you, I'd—

But before he had time to utter his threat, it was cut short by the entrance of the officer whom Samuel had called Col. Tarleton, who, in tones of command, ordered him out of the house, threatening him with arrest, if he were guilty of such conduct again. Then turning to Mrs. Warner, he added courteously, 'I hope, madam, you have not been subjected to much of such treatment, but to prevent a recurrence of anything of the kind, I will, if you wish it, place a guard at your door, with authority to prevent the entrance of any one who would be guilty of rudeness.'

'We expect little but rudeness from your army, friend, but if myself and my children can be saved from further insult, we shall be grateful.'

'It shall be done then, Johnson,' addressing a man who stood near the door, 'clear the house of these fellows, and then go to the camp and tell Corporal Neil to send me a trustworthy man immediately.' Tarleton's entrance had been the signal of dismissal for the men in the room where he was, and his voice soon recalled the marauders from all parts of the house. He reprimanded them sharply as they hurried through the apartment, and then addressing Mrs. Warner, he asked, 'Where are your daughters?—where is the little rebel who refused to take Captain Duncan's cloak?' The mother opened an inner door and called, in a moment both little girls came running into the room, but started back at the sight of the red-coat officer. 'Ah! young rebel! you are afraid of me now, are you?' he exclaimed good-humoredly. Not relishing the imputation on her courage, Elsie came forward, though slowly, and allowed him to take her on his knee, where he held her, laughing and talking with her, and appearing more than a little amused by her fearless freedom of speech, until the arrival of the man for whom he had sent, and whom he had stationed at the door of the dwelling, giving him orders to allow no one entrance without the permission of the mistress of the house. Then rising to his feet, 'Come, little rebel,' he said, 'come down with me to the camp, and see how British soldiers live. If you will trust your children with me a while, madam,' he continued, 'I will show them what they have probably never seen, and may not soon have the opportunity to see again.'

'I hope they never may have the opportunity again,' replied the mother, 'but if they choose to go with thee, they may do so.' Tarleton's lip curled at the plain speech of the Yankee matron, but he had taken a fancy to the high-spirited little Elsie, and without a reply, he raised her tiny form in his arms, and taking her more timid sister by the hand, set out to make the tour of the camp. In about an hour they returned, delighted with their visit, and with the wonders they had seen. Such tales, too, as they had to tell—the silver-plated and cut-glass which they had seen—the splendid dresses of the officers, their epaulettes and glittering swords. 'And mother?' said Annie, 'they tried to make us both drink wine and say God save the king.' 'Yes,' interrupted the eager Elsie, 'and one of them red-coats took his sword, and said he'd cut my head off if I did not.' 'And what did you do then, my children?' 'Oh! Annie cried, but I just told him if he hurt me, my father would tell Washington, and he would cut the king's head off; and then they all laughed, and Col. Tarleton said we were brave girls and he would not let them hurt us.'

'You were right, my dears,' said the mother, smiling involuntarily at the idea of making the king's head answer for that of her little daughter, 'quite right not to drink wine, but these talks almost too much, Elsie. Now come and help me spread the table for supper, and then call Samuel and Enoch.' They were not far off, and soon joined the mother and children in the little inner room, and sat down to their wholesome and pleasant repast of milk, home made bread, butter, and some whortleberries gathered that morning before the alarm was given, and which by some fortunate chance, had escaped the notice of the Hessians. At Samuel's suggestion, the sentinel at the door was invited to share their repast, and during its progress, the young man, under an appearance of the greatest simplicity, managed to win from him all the little knowledge he possessed of their intended route, and the hours and order of their march.

At the conclusion of their meals, when they were again alone, Samuel exclaimed, snapping his fingers excitedly, 'there, mother, that will do pretty well, and with what I have learned before, will make a fair account to give to Washington. General Clinton leaves them to-morrow morning, and with a large body of men take another road to Staten Island. Glorious! they will know more to-morrow by this time than they do now! Has thee my pistols safe? I shall need them perhaps on my way to the army. When does the moon rise to-night? Not until late? Well! as soon as she is up to light me, I must leave you. And now, while thee clears the table, mother, I will go and help Enoch see that everything is right at the barn.'

When the young man returned, it was quite dark, but his mother was moving about making up a bed in the best room, which communicated with the sitting room on one side, and on the other looked out upon the hill on which the soldiers were encamped.

'Why, mother, what now?' he said, 'there is not taking all this trouble on my account I hope?' 'No,' she replied, with an expression of greater vexation than he had ever before seen her exhibit; 'but I have just received orders to prepare the best bed for a man they call Lord Howe, as he will sleep here to-night.'

The mischief! exclaimed Samuel, startled out of his wonted propriety of speech; 'nay! and prosper. So mote it be.' [Age.]

mother, I did not mean to say that,' he added, as he saw the reproving expression of her countenance, 'but this will render it very difficult for me to get away, as guards will of course be stationed round their precious Commander.'

'I thought of this too, my son; but we must hope for the best, and meantime go and lie down upon my bed, that thee may sleep and be refreshed for thy journey, and the toils and dangers of to-morrow. I shall not sleep to night, and I will call thee when the moon rises.'

'Well, mother, I believe I will take thy advice, but what of Enoch? He seems determined to go with me, yet I do not like to have thee left alone with the children.'

'I do not fear to be left alone with them but now go and sleep.'

The young man obeyed her directions, and throwing himself upon the bed beside which his little sisters were already quietly reposing, was soon locked in the deep slumbers of youth. For several hours he slept soundly, and when wakened by the gentle touch and voice of his mother, scarcely realized where he was or for what purpose he had been roused. Becoming conscious, however, of some great noise and confusion near him, he started up with 'is it morning mother? What is the matter?'

'It is one o'clock, my son, and, I think a favorable moment for thy departure,' she whispered; 'he whom they call Lord Howe, was brought in a little more than an hour ago, in a state of intoxication, undressed by his attendants and put to bed. There is now some great confusion in his room and outside of it, occasioned probably by some drunken frolic. I know not what it is; but the guards seem to be withdrawn, and perhaps in the confusion thee may depart unmolested.'

'There is right,' he said, as he caught her hurried explanation, 'I will try it at once; my pistols—'

'There they are, and a small package of provisions, which may refresh thee on thy road—and now, my son, go, and the Most High be with thee.'

Hastily concealing his pistols about his person, the youth bent down and kissed his sleeping sisters, then cautiously descended the stairs, preceded by his mother.

The noise in the General's apartment still continued, and Enoch, who was waiting in the adjoining room, said 'that the man they called Lord Howe was ill, he believed, no doubt from the effects of his excess.' But they had no time to think of him: the door on the other side of the house was softly opened, and with a calm and kindly farewell, they parted, the men to steal noiselessly and rapidly across the orchard, and the matron to return to her chamber, and feel, as she gazed after their retreating forms, and listened to the noise of the fumes below, the full oppression of her loneliness, and the weight of her anxiety for them, and her other dear ones. But she was not allowed to indulge in her sad reflections for many moments, before she was summoned to the room below, to supply buckets and cloths, and all things necessary to remove the man from the august person of the British general. He, it seemed, had had an attack of the evening, and, probably imagining that the Yankees were upon him, had started from his bed, and rushing through the door which was open on account of the heat, dashed down the hill, and before the astonished sentinel could decide whether he had seen a ghost or not, his noble commander was floundering knee-deep among the mud and 'mallows of the little creek. The plunge awakened him, and his loud outcries brought officers and soldiers rushing from their tents, in the full expectation of finding themselves attacked by the rebel army. The shouts and curses, the confusion, the rushing here and there of half-dressed and half-asleep men formed a scene at once alarming and ridiculous. But the cause being at length discovered, the discomfited general was borne back to his own quarters, and while, with Mrs. Warner's aid he was cleansed, and stupified as he still was, placed again in the clean, comfortable bed which he had occupied, order was restored in the camp, and silence reigned unbroken till the reveille aroused the slumbering hosts. The matron sought her chamber again, to muse over the events of the day, and to look forward with mingled hope and fear, to the morrow. What that morrow produced, we all well know. The battle of Monmouth, or of Freehold Court-house as it is sometimes called, though not so decided a victory as some which our brave forefathers gained, was not without its effect upon the spirits of the American people. It proved, both to them and their haughty foes, that Washington's vigilance was untiring, and that he had not only the will but the ability to cope successfully with the far more numerous and better equipped British army.

The information obtained by Samuel Warner was of great use in determining the time and manner of the attack, and contributed considerably to the success of the engagement. He fought bravely in the thickest of the battle, and on the next day received a commission from the general, which he retained honorably until the close of the war. Poor old Enoch fell, 'bearing his testimony,' as he had prophetically said, 'even unto the death.' It was his first and last battle.

Mrs. Warner, in the overthrow of the oppressors of her country, and the return of her husband to his quiet home, saw her warmest wishes realized. The little girls, the heroines of this simple sketch, lived to see their country take her place among the nations of the earth, and peace and prosperity replace the perils and sorrows of their early years. But to the end of lives prolonged beyond the usual term of years allotted for our earthly existence, they never ceased to remember and to repeat with delight the tale of Elsie's fearlessness, of Lord Howe's midnight plunge into the creek, and all the various incidents of the day before the battle of Monmouth.

Our friends of the Maine Farmer are rejoicing over a new power press, which we believe is one of the finest specimens of machinery extant costing \$1,500. With a splendid press, new type, large and increasing subscriptions, and racy editing, the Farmer ought to go ahead and prosper. So mote it be. [Age.]

THE OREGON NOTICE.

Both Houses of Congress have at length united upon the question of notice. After four long months deliberation, debate and legislative contestation, they have finally succeeded in agreeing upon a form of notice to Great Britain relative to the abrogation of the existing convention between the two countries concerning the occupancy of the Oregon territory a notice, however, so loaded with neutralizing verbiage, so cramped by qualification, and so marked in its legislative progress by hesitation, delay, and uncertainty of issue, as now to divest it of much of the moral force and influence which it otherwise would have exerted in favor of speedy, peaceful and honorable settlement of the controversy.

The notice, as passed, is, perhaps better than no notice at all; yet, it is but too apparent, that the attitude of this country, in the controversy, has been materially weakened during the pendency of the subject before Congress—weakened by the exhibition of distracted councils—by the absence of an unanimity in the assertion, and an unyielding determination in the defence of our just rights—by the expressions of doubts of the extent and the validity of our claims—by the advocacy of British pretensions, and by the derogation of our own—by a recession from the high ground of the President, and a refusal to make a stand at any given point—by attempting to alarm the country by magnifying the power of England, and by indulging in exaggerated representations of the weakness and exposed condition of our own country. These exhibitions, have, we fear, contributed largely to weaken the position which the government at the commencement of the session occupied in respect to the controversy.

'They have, in our judgment, done more to endanger our just rights in Oregon, and ultimately to jeopard the peace of the country, than all other causes put together—more than almost any other course which could have been pursued. A speedy settlement of this controversy under existing state of things, without submitting to large and important concessions, is hardly to be anticipated. The over anxiety of distinguished men, to concede to England, what some portion of the country might in the last resort, consent to concede for the sake of peacefully ending the controversy, will, we fear, instead of satisfying her exorbitant pretensions, only lead to their increase and further enlargement. It is not therefore at all improbable, that those gentlemen who have been so valorous in their defence of *forty-nine*, as a peace measure, may hereafter be called upon to approve an arrangement yielding important rights and privileges south of that line, or see the question for many years to come, a subject of negotiation or national conflict. These are our fears; we, however, hope for better things.

THE PROPOSED TARIFF

We have examined with some care, the new tariff bill, as reported by the Committee of Ways and Means of the U. S. House of Representatives. While there is much in it worthy of approval, it contains also several objectionable features. A few of these we propose to notice as being specially injurious to the interest of Maine. Potatoes and cord wood are placed in the schedule of articles paying a duty of twenty per centum, while iron, sugar and molasses are placed in the schedule of articles paying thirty per centum. We are at a loss to understand why the iron of Pennsylvania, and the sugar of Louisiana should enjoy a protection fifty per cent higher than the productions of the agriculture and the forests of Maine. It is democratic to protect capital rather than labor, the thing is explainable, but not otherwise. The iron masters of Pennsylvania with their enormous wealth, and the seven hundred and odd sugar planters of Louisiana with their gangs of negro slaves, hardly seem more worthy objects of government favor, than the free laborers of Maine, who cultivate its rugged soil and fell its forests with the laborious axe.

The competition to which we are exposed, is near at hand and unmitigated by any circumstances whatever. In comes from the adjacent provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, whence freights to Boston and New York are as cheap as from any part of Maine. It is not so with sugar and iron. The domestic producer of those articles enjoy a natural protection from the extra cost of freight of foreign sugar and iron. Why should the government give them additional advantages? We trust that our delegation in Congress without distinction of party, will look to this matter with vigilance, and maintain the rights of their constituents with vigor and spirit. The time has fully come, when Maine should cease to be a mere bolt to the kies of politicians to other parts of the country; a mere pack-horse to carry burdens and be fed with oat straw.

THE SPIRIT OF WAR ASLEEP

An anti-Oregon orator in Congress says: 'The spirit of war, thanks to God, has slumbered upon the earth for the last quarter of a century.' It has done some bloody deeds while in the somnolent state. We suppose the orator does not allow the 'spirit' to be convicted of the sackings of Sen by the Turks, of the destruction of English at Cabool and as many thousands of natives, of the slaughter in Syria, in the Panjab, in Circassia, in Egypt, in China, in New Zealand in Morocco; nor in aiding in the annihilation of Poland, the Louis Philippe revolution in France the perpetual 'civil' amusement of Spain, the strife of Don Pedro and Miguel in Portugal, and the war of the cantons in Switzerland. When the spirit has slumbered for twenty-five years in South America, how mischievous will it be! At present the peace loving English are doing their best to pacify it, and deprive the 'Tiger Roars' of his victims. The independence of Texas, the half-dozen revolutions of Mexico, the campaign in Florida, and the Patriot outbreak in Canada, are not worth mentioning, being only achievements of the 'spirit' while oppressed with the nightmare. [Boston Post.]

When you find a man doing more business than you are, and you are puzzled to know the reason, just look at the advertisements he has in the newspapers, and look out.

PANIC MAKERS.

When Mr. Polk issued his inaugural address from Wall Street, New York, and State Street Boston, undertook the old trick of getting up a business panic. They were well seconded by the Boston Atlas, N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, Portland Advertiser, and other papers of similar political leanings. Then, if we were to believe them, starvation stared the people in the face; the banks were to suspend; the merchants to fail; the shipping to rot at the wharves; and the cows to find their richest fodder in the public marts of our cities. But the scheme did not work. The people snapped their fingers at the panic-makers, and every branch of business progressed with increased energy.

These same fellows are now trying the experiment again. They say the Independent Treasury Bill is going to ruin every thing. In this connection, we are glad to perceive that the New York Journal of Commerce exposes these second-rate without mercy, though it is unfeeling to the passage of the Bill. We commend the following extract to the good sense of the business community:

PANIC. There is reason in all things; or at least there ought to be. But the course of our banks, and of many people in Wallstreet seems to us to have as little reason in it as possible. If we understand the case, our Banks are refusing to discount commercial paper, almost altogether, and thereby checking suddenly the facilities upon which the merchants have a right to rely, unless there is some real and substantial reason for a different course. The sudden curtailment of the Banks is avowedly in reference to the Sub-Treasury Bill. We have as we think, very clearly proved that there is nothing in the Sub-Treasury, which can cause any serious pressure on the money market. No man can show how the collection and disbursement of the public revenue in specie, can produce any great commotion, not even if the present balances are removed to the Sub-Treasury. There is nothing in the worst shape of the measure, which will necessarily raise the interest of money one per cent for three months. Besides, the Sub-Treasury is not a law.

It contains a provision requiring the Secretary of the Treasury not to draw out the balances now in the banks. On the contrary, he is expressly authorized to let them remain, and pay out from the new collections of the Sub-Treasury; and there is no reason to doubt that he will do so. What foundation is there, then, for this panic, about a measure which may never be adopted, and which, if it should, would not render the removal of the deposits necessary—or probable except as required for the wants of the Government.

If the Banks, either from imprudence and ignorance, or from political motives, or for the purpose of keeping the public money, set about making a panic, as they did on the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank, the preceding will now be understood, and return upon them in a trumpet of indignation. It is monstrous that the interests of this great community should be trifled with. In the deposit panic it was proclaimed that the merchants would break, and the Banks would probably break. The merchants did break by hundreds, for no reason on earth but a mere alarm got up between politicians and banks. Some bank directors, we know, are taking the same course at present; and proclaiming that if the Sub-Treasury passes, all the merchants will break. What can be more cruel, what more wicked, than such exclamations. Bank directors will not find this the way to prevent the passage of the Sub-Treasury.

This is the right way to talk. The truth is these panics are generally 'got up' in Wall street, by the 'Bulls' and 'Bears' of that celebrated 'den of thieves.' If they succeed, even partially, it opens a gate to profit. It diminishes the market-value of stocks, and—they buy in. It creates a demand for money, and—they let it at an extra per cent.

[From a Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C. Tuesday, April 23. My DEAR AGENT.—The House on Tuesday appointed a committee of conference to confer with that of the Senate. They met on that evening and could not agree—the Senate asked further time to determine. They met on Wednesday and agreed upon a modification of the resolutions of the House, made in the spirit of the amendments of the Senate. These were submitted to the Senate and concurred in by a vote of 42 to 10—were then sent to the House and agreed to there by a vote of 112 to 46—on which the House adjourned.

From the nature of the vote of the Senate in appointing a committee, it was apparent that there had been management, and it is now openly declared, that the whigs combining with enough democrats to give a vote of 30 in favor of three individuals known as 40 men, have overgeneralized the democrats. The western members of the House express much indignation. The leading democrats anticipate now no action on the Tariff bill, though it may be discussed.

Of course nothing is known of the views of the President on this question; but the members of the Cabinet are known to have urged upon leading members of the party the Senate's view of this question—and it has been remarked too, that in the annual applications and notices for supplies there has been no increase in amount and no diminution of time desired when it would increase the amount of the bids.

Samples of articles of 'American manufacture' are arriving in numbers, and it has been determined to close the Fair with a grand ball at which the ladies are expected to be dressed in goods of American manufacture. It is expected to be a larger exhibition than has ever been made in this country. [Age.]

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

The Steamer Great Western, arrived at N. Y. on the 25th, bringing one week's later intelligence from England.

The State of feeling in respect to American affairs had undergone no change. The London Money Market is represented as decidedly firmer.

Large failures had taken place in Liverpool; and others anticipated in various parts of the kingdom, growing out of the railway speculation. The American provision trade continues brisk. Sir Henry Harding and Sir Hugh Gough, have been elevated to the peerage.

The Irish Corricion Bill had been postponed on the 11th, to the next Friday and the third reading of the Tariff bill on Monday.

The Times, which is a trusted kind of political barometer, has been for some days dealing in dark insinuations. It hints at the possibility of a formidable combination in the Lords; and knowing its resources, its hints are construed as significant, particularly as it does not hesitate to accuse ministers of a want of energy required by the occasion. But, after all, these may only be the spurs used by an artful rider to secure the race, which, by these means, can certainly be won.

The discussion on the coercion bill discloses not a few anomalies in the state of Ireland. Assumptions are numerous, but not common; distress is great, but there are none of the assumed consequences of distress.

Liverpool, April 2. Discussions continue as to how the Tariff will fare in the Lords. The opinions of some 300 members of that House are ascertained, it is said, they are nearly equally balanced; but the views of some fifty more are collating. Upon these the fate of the measure and of the Government depends. It is asserted, with a good deal of confidence, by the advocates of the Tariff, that a majority of at least 25 will affirm the bill, but that some amendments in committee may endanger its existence. There is still much speculation afloat on the subject.

Impious! Prayers are to be offered up to-morrow in all the Anglican Churches throughout Great Britain for the success of our arms against the Sikhs; and a form of prayer has been composed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, thanking the Almighty for our recent victories on the Sutlej. The policy and good taste of such movement may be questioned.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.

The election which took place on the 22d, was for members of the Legislature, only. An unusual degree of apathy is said to have prevailed, notwithstanding the election of an U. S. Senator is to take place at the coming session. The returns, though incomplete, indicate clearly enough that the Democrats have succeeded in carrying the State, although by a diminished majority from last year, when the democratic majority was ten in the Senate and 27 in the House of Delegates. So far as heard from, there have been elected to the house, 23 democrats and 28 whigs. From the same places last year, 25 democrats and 26 whigs.

Senators. Parties will probably be divided as follows—Democrats 26, whigs 12. Last year 21 to 11. The 'Old Dominion' is safe.

A few years since an enterprising mechanic of Boston married, in a neighbouring state a beautiful girl, and brought her to the city. She was industrious and affectionate; devoted to the welfare of her husband, and a good housewife; they prospered accordingly. A child blessed this union; but one short year saw this babe depart, and the father laid low by a long, lingering and expensive illness. The widow, when the whirlwind of her sorrow had abated, was obliged to look around her for daily bread, and she found it in the employment of persons who were attached by her piety, intelligence, gentleness, and good breeding. During the last year her husband, always failing since the death of her husband and child, declined entirely, and she was confined to her room.

It would seem that nothing could be apparently more desolate than the situation of this young woman, a stranger without relatives, no ties to bind her to her community, no claim upon even the common charities of the city. Suddenly there appeared a host of friends, who tendered to the poor wanderer all the enjoyments delicacies, and even refinements her situation demanded. An excellent person, in whose house she lived, proffered her a room rent free; a most charitable young woman abandoned her work, and devoted her days and her nights to the patient sufferer; a kind medical man visited her daily; and a ghostly comforter poured into her ears words of hope and consolation. To recount the daily acts of kindness which the writer of this notice witnessed would fill pages; the rich and the poor alike ministered, the widow with her mite, the orphan with her gift. When death laid his cold seal gently on the devoted one, from whose lips not a murmur had ever been heard, that even a smile rest on her face, her remains were transported to the house of an unflinching and affectionate friend, for burial. It was in this house, and bending over a bier-doleful of odors from Springflowers, that the band of almoners, bound together by the silver cord of Charity, mingled their tears together, and a sweet young girl exclaimed, 'Who will say there is no good in this world.'

In this city, 15th inst. died, Mrs. Julia Bulard, aged 33. [Boston Adv.]

A man can be instructed by every thing around him. The fly that buzzes by his ear—the pebble which foot—the drop of rain and the snow flake, will teach useful and important lessons to the student of Nature. There is not an insect or a grain that might not employ him for hours. Nature is a large book & what we consider trifles are useful leaves in the great volume. Happy is he who reads them attentively.

Learning that hides its head in the cloud, is as useless as ignorance that buries its face in a mole hill.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 5, 1846.

THE NOTICE.

In the Senate, on Thursday, the 23d ult., Mr. Herri-
en, in behalf of the Committee of Conference on the
part of the Senate, made a report recommending that
both houses recede from their amendments, and adopt
the resolution in the following form:—

With a view, therefore, that steps be taken for the
abrogation of the said convention of the sixth of Aug-
ust, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, in the mode
prescribed in its second article, and that the attention
of the governments of both countries may be more
earnestly and immediately directed to the adoption of
all proper measures for the speedy and amicable ad-
justment of the difficulties and disputes in respect to
said territory:

Resolved, &c. That the President of the United
States be, and he is hereby authorized, at his discre-
tion, to give to the British government the notice re-
quired by its said second article for the abrogation of
the said convention of the sixth of August, eighteen
hundred and twenty-seven.

After some debate, the question was taken and the
report of the committee concurred in—42, to 10.

In the House, it was announced that the Senate had
concurred in the Report of the Committee of Confer-
ence. The report and joint resolution was read from
the Clerk's table by Mr. Ingersoll. When he had
concluded the previous question was moved and car-
ried by aye, and the report concurred in—142 to 40.

And thus, by overwhelming majorities, the Notice
has finally passed both branches of Congress, but with
a qualification which renders it merely an obsequious
apology to Great Britain for doing what we had by
treaty a perfect right to do. Some of the members,
both in the House and Senate, who desired the Notice
to be given, but given in a dignified and becoming
form, very properly voted against it as it finally pas-
sed. The Senate has simply rendered itself ridicu-
lous, has complicated the question, induced England
to persist in her claims, and given the appearance of
division, on this question, among the American peo-
ple, when none exists, by its course of action on this
subject. The Notice might have been passed in one
week, but months have been occupied in discussing
it, and the country kept in a turmoil during the whole
period.

THE INDEPENDENT TREASURY BILL.—We might
be fairly charged with indifference to the political
faith we profess, if we neglected to express our satis-
faction at the passage of the Independent Treasury
Bill in the House of Representatives by a large vote.
We felt certain, at the time when the whigs hastily
and injudiciously repealed the former independent
treasury bill, that its banishment from the statute
book would be short. The repeal was not demanded
by public opinion; there was little fault to be found
with the law, and that little might have been obviated
by judicious emendation. "The experiment," as its
enemies delighted to call it—the experiment of dis-
pensing with the banks as the actual treasuries of the
nation, was proceeding in the most favorable manner
at the moment when the whig party, in the wanton-
ness of their victory, interrupted it and abrogated the
law. That have the people have now commanded their
representatives to restore.

It is remarkable how quickly the whig party are
now submitting to the revival of the Independent
Treasury. They, as well as we, appear to think it a
matter of course. They seem to have forgotten the
standing phrases with which they used to attack it—
such as calling it a pernicious "union of purse and
sword"—as if, in their creed, the province of the gov-
ernment was only to direct means of defence, while it
was the province of the bank to keep the money col-
lected for the wants of government, and speculate
with it on their own account. The opposition to the
law may in fact be considered as withdrawn. A sul-
ly vote in the negative, and a little grumbling in the
newspapers, are all that is left of that hostility which
was so furiously noisy four or five years since.

Thus it is that one of the great measures of Mr.
Van Buren's administration, the measure which, per-
haps, more justly than any other, might be selected to
embody the policy of his administration, has received
the solemn verdict of the public approbation. "The
people have looked at it on both sides, viewed it both
theoretically and experimentally, examined it as an
essay master would a piece of gold, and at last have
deliberately put their stamp on it. It is undoubted
bullion, and will pass without question for the next
hundred years. That was a good phrase of Mr. Van
Buren's coinage, "the sober, second thought of the
people;" a phrase full of truth as it was of generous
confidence in his fellow men. He now sees that so-
ber second thought applied to his own measures, and
enjoys a triumph of higher value than a re-election to
the Presidency.

We speak as if the bill had already passed the Sen-
ate. As the opinions of most of the members are in
its favor, as the whole nation expect it, and the ma-
jority of the nation has willed it, we look upon its pas-
sage by a large vote in that body as certain. Even if
it were to happen otherwise, the prompt passage of
the bill by so decisive a majority in the House of Rep-
resentatives, a body reflecting the latest and truest
aspect of public opinion, is a great triumph of the
measure.—N. Y. Post.

A FORTUNE.—The friends of Hon. Daniel Webster
have placed him in very comfortable pecuniary cir-
cumstances. They have raised a fund of \$100,000,
the interest of which, \$3,000 per annum, he is to re-
ceive during life, and at his death the principal to go
to his heirs. This is common report, which seems to
be fully confirmed by an admission lately made in the
House by Mr. Winthrop, the Representative to Con-
gress from Boston. Mr. Webster is unlike other pub-
lic men—whatever his friends have offered to him he
has always received—the contributions for his benefit
have been frequent and large, and he has taken them
without interposing any objection. He does not con-
sider it any compromise of his Senatorial character,

any blemish on his public or private reputation, but
appears to regard it as a mere matter of business—a
compensation for services rendered. Other men
would be regarded as marketable, or under pay of
their clients if they had pursued the same course, and
written down from one end of the Union to the other
as totally unworthy of respect or confidence. But he
is—Daniel Webster.—Bangor Democrat.

We would respectfully call the attention of
those who wish for a perfect likeness, in a miniature
form, to the advertisement of Mr. J. U. P. Burnham,
to be found in another column of to-day's paper. He
is a finished operator, and those who wish to present
their friends with a token of remembrance or affection,
or to preserve a duplicate of themselves as they are,
—or as they appear to be,—are advised to avail them-
selves of the present opportunity. Call and see his
specimens if nothing more.

Our acknowledgments are due Hon. John Fair-
field, Hon. John D. McCrory, Hon. H. Hamlin, Hon.
C. Sawtelle, and Hon. Luther Severance, members of
Congress from this State, for many favors and valua-
ble public documents, during the present session of
Congress. Also—to Hon. Lewis Cass for similar fa-
vors.

A man off South is painting a picture which will be
three miles long when completed. It is a view of the
Mississippi river, from New Orleans up. He has been
engaged on it several years already, has got as far as
Vicksburg, and is confident that he can complete it
soon. He will bring it east for exhibition when com-
pleted.

The 14th Light Dragoons, some years since, left
England for India 600 strong. They recently return-
ed, a skeleton, only 33 men and 3 officers remaining.

Mr. Ingersoll has announced his intention of pub-
lishing, in the Washington Union, a statement of the
grounds of his charges against Mr. Webster.

Senator Allen, of Ohio, has been nominated at a
Democratic Convention in St. Clair County, Illinois,
as a candidate for the next Presidency.

Anecdote. As a stiff old nobleman lay on
death bed, his chaplain thinking to comfort him
said, "You will be a citizen of a better country."
"No, never!" stammered the dying man, "I am
and will be a nobleman."

The Lowell Company have substituted
new patent power-looms for weaving carpets
throughout their entire works. By this change
about 20 girls are given employment, and 60 men
turned off.

Adieu. There are comparatively few who
think when they use this word, how much of pi-
ous beauty it possesses—conveying as it does the
sentiment—"To God I commit you: may God
guard you."

An intelligent gentleman who has been en-
gaged in the production of sugar in Cuba for the
last thirty years, after a careful examination, es-
timates the value of property in that island own-
ed by Americans, at \$35,000,000. So says a cor-
respondent of the Washington Union.

Col. R. M. Johnson is in Washington, in
good health.

Consumption can be cured by the timely use of
Dr. Buchanan's Balm. So perfect and in-
fallible is this remedy, even in the most hopeless cases
of Consumption, that it has been admitted into the Hos-
pitals and other public institutions in Great Britain,
and has become as much a standard medicine as the
Fluid Magnesia of Sir James Murray. The immense
amount of mortality which this Balm has prevented
since its introduction into the United States, is a matter
of astonishment to the medical faculty. It is, indeed,
a safe, speedy, and effectual cure for Consumption, in
all its forms, and the only source of hope.

Pamphlets respecting this Great English Remedy
may be had gratis of MOSES HAMMOND, only agent
in Paris.

MARRIED.

In Wilton, Thomas Stickney, of Carthage, to Miss
Oliver S. Smith, of W.—Mr. Nathan Carver, Jr., of
Lavermore, to Miss Hannah G. Winter.

DIED.

In West Sumner, April 8th, Lester Mason, son of
Jacob F. Howe, aged nearly one year.

Beautiful babe, thou hast yielded thy breath,
The struggle is past between nature and death:
Thy bosom is no longer heaving with pain,
We look,—but its throbbings return not again.

Beautiful babe, we have striven to save
Thy sweet infant form from the chill of the grave:
We have asked that our God in his mercy would
spare
The idol of friends, as an answer to prayer.

"Thy past—the sweet features are suited to peace,
And the meanings of fever and agony cease;
The half parted lips, and the colorless cheek,
Of freedom from earth and its sufferings speak.

Dear babe, in thy life thou wert lovely and fair,
With thy delicate cheek and thy bright silken hair,
But never so fair and so lovely as now,
Since death has set his seal on thy innocent brow.

Beautiful babe, thou hast gone to thy rest;
Left a kind mother's arms for Emanuel's breast:
The bud, which on earth found no room to expand,
Is unfolding its leaves in a glorious land.

ORTHOSIA.

In Dixfield, Bashaba, widow of the late Captain
Levi Mortin, formerly of Readfield, aged 80.
In Cornville, Cotton Lincoln, Esq., aged 80.
In Gray, Rev. Elias Blake, aged 40.
In Huxton, Richard Dresser, a revolutionary soldier,
aged 85.

DAGUERREOTPE MINIATURES.

J. U. P. BURNHAM

INFORMS the Ladies and Gentlemen of Paris and
vicinity that he has taken rooms for a few days at the
STAGE HOUSE, where he is prepared to take
Daguerreotype Likenesses in the latest improved style,
plate or color, and finished so as to prevent the
possibility of fading.

Having had sufficient experience to warrant satisfaction
to the most fastidious, he respectfully solicits the
patronage of those who wish to avail themselves of a
PERFECT LIKENESS.

His Sitters will bear in mind that they are considered
under no obligation to pay for Pictures unless satisfied
with their execution.

GOLD & GILT LOCKETS for sale on the most
reasonable terms.

Ladies and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call
and examine specimens.

Instruction given in the Daguerreotype Art on the
most reasonable terms.

Paris-Hill, May 2d, 1846.

BOOK STORE.

THE subscriber keeps constantly for sale a large and
general assortment of Books and Stationery, among
which are all the School Books in common use for
Schools and Academies, such as Grammars, Arithme-
tic, Algebra, History, Geography, Astronomy, Philoso-
phy, Chemistry, &c., &c.

Also—A prime assortment of

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

from which Public, Social, Sunday School, and Private
Libraries can be supplied on reasonable terms, and of a
character to suit the various tastes and wishes of the
reading community generally.

Large Quarto, Duodecimo, and Pocket Bibles; Tes-
taments, Hyman Books, paper, ink, quills, steel pens,
wafers, paper-folders, sand-boxes, seals, &c.

A good variety of **BLANKS,**
such as Warrants, Quitclaim, Mortgage, Administra-
tor's, Collector's and Guardian's Deeds, Sheriff's Re-
ceipts, Sheriff's Returns, Executions, Writs, and many
others that are in common use.

Also—

PAPER FRAMING.

of different figures, qualities and prices to suit customers.
Glass Ware, Maps of the State of Maine, and many
other articles, too numerous to particularize in a short
advertisement. For further particulars, Ladies and
Gentlemen, please call and examine for yourselves, or
enquire of—
BENJ. WALTON.
Paris-Hill, May 5th, 1846.

P. S. The subscriber hereby tenders his sincere
thanks to his friends and customers and the public gen-
erally for a generous share of patronage, and humbly
solicits a continuance of such favors, except a very few
individuals, whose aim it is to run in debt and never
pay—such cases are respectfully invited to call some-
where else.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS ELIZABETH REYNOLDS, of Canton, in the
County of Oxford, and State of Maine, by Deed of
Mortgage dated the thirtieth day of October, A. D.
1840, recorded with Oxford Records, Book 71, page 404,
conveyed to the undersigned a certain piece of land sit-
uated in Canton, aforesaid, on the Western side of An-
droscegin River, it being the North half of Breakage
numbered fourteen—referring to said Deed for a
further description. And whereas the conditions of
said Deed of Mortgage have been broken the undersig-
ned hereby gives public notice to foreclose the same, ac-
cording to the Statute in such cases made and provided.
NATHAN F. REYNOLDS.
Canton, April 20th, 1846.

Treasurer's Notice.—Woodstock.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident prop-
rietary and owners of land in the town of Wood-
stock, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the
taxes assessed on the non-resident land in said town for
the year 1844, and delinquent highway taxes for 1843,
all of which taxes remain unpaid, have been returned
to me by Bartholomew Cushman, Collector of said town,
for the year 1844, for the purpose of advertising, and
the number of the Lots with the taxes unpaid are as
follows, viz:—

No. Lot.	No. Acres.	Value.	Tax.
In the East part of Woodstock.			
Unknown,	2	100	6 7
do	42	100	26 34
do	72	100	17 13
do	73	100	25 29
Undivided half One Fourth	12	50	33 34
	13	25	15 17

Delinquent highway taxes for the year 1843, and now
become money tax by non-payment in 1844.

Unknown, 11 100 30 140
do 62 100 30 100
ALDEN CHASE, Treasurer of Woodstock.
Woodstock, May 2, 1846.

FREEDOM.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given that by mutual ar-
reement between me, Benjamin F. Hall, my son,
minor, I do hereby give and relinquish him his time,
and shall claim none of his property nor wages, nor pay
any debts of his contracting from and after this date.

BENJAMIN HALL.
Andover, April 20th, 1846.

JOHN A. POOR,
COUNSELLOR AND ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

He will attend the Courts in the Eastern Counties,
in connection with the firm of J. A. & H. V. POOR,
and in Oxford County.

Office No. 122, Middle Street.

HENRY V. POOR,
Counsellor & Attorney at Law,
BANGOR, MAINE.

Will continue business at the Office of
J. A. & H. V. POOR,
No. 6, Strickland's new Block.

April 18, 1846.

Caution.

THE public are hereby cautioned against purchasing
a note of hand given by the subscriber dated No.
3, First Range, about the 6th day of Dec., A. D. 1844,
for the sum of fifteen dollars, to be paid in April, next,
next, and running to John H. Durkee, as he has received
no consideration therefor and will not pay the same.

JOSEPH L. LANSBELL.
No. 5, First Range, April 24, 1846.

Notice—Freedom.

I hereby certify to the public that from this date I re-
linquish to my son, Alexander N. Lurvey, his time,
and shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any of his debts.

JOSEPH L. LANSBELL.
Witness—ABRAHAM H. LURVEY.
Bangor, April 13th, 1846.

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss.—April 23d, 1846.

TAKEN on Execution, the same having been attach-
ed on the original Writ, and will be sold at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

to the highest bidder, on Saturday, the thirtieth day
of May, A. D. 1846, at one o'clock P. M., at the house of
Erskine Randall in Dixfield, unless redeemed prior.
All the right, title and interest the said Randall has
in and to the house and land where he now lives, the
same having been mortgaged by Peter Austin to Job
Hathaway, and said Austin's right to redeem said Job
Augustus S. C. Strickland, and said Strickland's right
transferred to said Randall, and said Randall's right to
redeem in the title and interest intended to be sold.
Reference to the Records of the County of Oxford for a
further description.

JOHN M. EUSTIS, Deputy Sheriff.



Atlantic & St. Lawrence DAILY LINE.

THE undersigned proposes to establish a DAILY
LINE of Stages from PARIS to PORTLAND,
to commence on the first Monday of May next.
The Stages leaving Paris daily at 6 o'clock A. M., will
arrive at Portland in season to intersect with the Boston
and Cara for Boston, and the Boston and Portland, the same
day; and leaving Portland daily at 7 o'clock A. M., will
arrive at Paris at 6 o'clock P. M.

By this arrangement the facilities for public travel
will be greatly increased, as his line intersects with all
the great thorough-fares in Maine, Massachusetts, and
New Hampshire, and is on the direct Route of the

**Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail
Road,**

connecting the Metropolis of CANADA with LIVER-
POOL and LONDON.

In return for the increased care and expense of the
NEW ENTERPRISE, the proprietor only asks that
patronage to which the magnitude of the undertaking
and the responsibility incurred justify entitle him.

G. G. WATERHOUSE.
Paris, April 14, 1846.

—Wanted—

\$1000 In payment of arrearages for the
Democrat, Advertising, &c.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county
of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our
Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six—

George C. Swallow, Executor of the last Will and
Testament of Larnard Swallow, late of Blackfield, in said
County, deceased, having presented his second account of ad-
ministration of the estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, that the said Executor give notice to all
persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be pub-
lished three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed
at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held
at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten
of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have,
why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
52 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Commissioner's Notice.

THE subscribers hereby give notice that they have
been appointed, by the Hon. Job Prince, Judge of Probate
for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and ex-
amine the claims of the several creditors to the Estate of

ASA KIMBALL, Esq.,
late of Gilead, deceased, represented insolvent, and that
six months from the fourteenth day of April, inst., are
allowed for said creditors to exhibit and prove their
claims; and that we will attend to that service at the
dwelling house of Josiah Kimball, Esq., in Gilead,
on Wednesday, the third day of June, and Wednesday
the seventh day of October next, from nine o'clock, A.
M. to four o'clock, P. M., of said days.

TIMOTHY WRIGHT, } Commissioners
WILLIAM POTTER, } on said Estate.
Gilead, April 20, A. D. 1846.

Commissioner's Notice.

THE subscribers, having been appointed Commis-
sioners by the Hon. Job Prince, Judge of Probate
for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the
claims of the several creditors to the Estate of

ELI TWITCHELL,
late of Bethel in said County, deceased, represented in-
solvent; and six months from the third day of March
last, having been allowed to the said creditors for bring-
ing in their claims and proving their debts; the sub-
scribers will be in session, for the purpose aforesaid, at
William Frye's Office, in said Bethel, on the fourth
Saturdays of June and August next, from two to five of
the clock in the afternoon.

WILLIAM FRYE, }
JEDEDIAH BURBANK, }
Bethel, April 22, 1846.

Administrator's Sale.

By virtue of License obtained from the Hon. Job
Prince of Oxford, will be sold at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

on Saturday, the twenty-third day of May next, at one
o'clock P. M., on the premises—

A lot of land, containing two acres, with a dwelling
house thereon, situate near Bretton Mills, in Liver-
more, it being the property of Israel Paul late of said
Livermore, deceased, for the payment of the just debts
of said deceased, charges of administration and incident-
al charges. Said sale will include the reversion of the
Widow's Dowry therein if necessary.

JOHN LEAVITT, Administrator.
April 14, 1846.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county
of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our
Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six—

Alanson Bryant, Guardian of George Bryant, mi-
nor child of Jonathan Bryant, late of Oxford, in said
County, deceased, having presented his third account of ad-
ministration of the estate of said minor; and also a Petition for
License to sell the whole of the homestead Farm of his late Fa-
ther, as a partial sale would insure the residue, for the payment
of the debts of said minor and incidental charges.

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all
persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be pub-
lished three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed
at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be
held at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten
of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have,
why the same should not be allowed and granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
50 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned,
that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust
of Administrator of the Estate of

DEXTER BILLINGS,
late of Milton Plantation, in the County of Oxford, deceased,
by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons
who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make im-
mediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon
to exhibit the same to—
RICHARD T. LURVEY.
April 14, 1846.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county
of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our
Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six—

John Leavitt, Administrator of the Will aforesaid, of
the estate of Israel Paul, late of Livermore, in said County,
deceased, having presented his first account of administration of
the estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to
all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be pub-
lished three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed
at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be
held at Bretton Mills, in said Livermore, on Wednesday fol-
lowing the third Tuesday of September next, at ten of the
clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why
the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
50 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county
of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our
Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six—

William Hubbard, Administrator of the estate of the es-
tate of Oliver Hubbard, late of Paris, aforesaid, deceased,
having presented his first account of administration of the estate
of said deceased.

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to
all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be pub-
lished three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed
at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be
held at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten
of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have,
why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
50 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county
of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our
Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six—

William K. Greene, named Executor in a certain In-
strument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Jo-
nathan Greene, late of Byron, in said County, deceased, having
presented the same for Probate:

It was Ordered, that the said William K. Greene give notice to
all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be pub-
lished three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed
at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be
held at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten
of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have,
why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and
allowed as the last Will and Testament of said de-
ceased.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
50 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county
of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our
Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six—

Thomas Hill, Guardian of Cyprrian Stevens, Non
compos minis, having presented his first account of Guardian-
ship of the estate of said Stevens.

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all
persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be pub-
lished three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed
at Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate
Court to be held at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May
next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any
they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
50 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county
of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our
Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six—

